Iron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON, - - - MISSOURI

HUNTING A WILD TURKEY.

A Long Shot at a Great Bird Brings Him Down in the Woods.

The sun sank further toward the west, and the shadows of the trees grew longer and longer. Jack sat listening, and enjoying the warm solitude. The sun sank lower and lower.

"Yan de turkey, Massa Dennis," said Little Coffee suddenly, and Jack, whose thoughts had been wandering, came sharply and keenly back to himself.

Dennis started up from where he lay and looked in the direction in which Little Coffee was pointing. Jack raised himself cautiously and looked, too. The turkeys had come out from the woods without any of the three seeing them until that moment. They were feeding in the opening about a furlong away, and maybe fifty or sixty yards from the edge of the woods.

Dennis arose and took his gun without speaking. Then, partly crouching, he skirted back into the woods, Jack following him and Little Coffee following Jack. They went on for some distance, and then Dennis turned sharply out again toward the edge of the woods. He went forward now very slowly and cautiously, and Jack followed him half crouching. He found that his heart was thumping heavily within him. He was intensely excited. Would Dennis really shoot one of the turkeys?

"Wait a little," said Dennis without turning around—"wait a little until I see where I be."

Jack could now see between the thickets that the clearing was just ahead of them. Dennis crept cautiously forward, and Jack stood watching him. Presently he saw that Dennis was beckoning to him to come forward. He did so, coming very carefully. Dennis was crouched down looking out through the bushes, and Jack came close to him. Little Coffee followed them. He peered out from between the leaves, and there were the turkeys, perhaps fifty or sixty yards away—a great cock turkey, and three or four hens, each with a brood of some dozen turkey-poults, perhaps as large as so many pullets. To Jack's eyes the great birds looked very big and very neat.

"'Tis like if we went on a little furder," whispered Dennis, "we could get nigher to 'em, but I have a mind to risk a shot from here."

Jack did not say anything. His heart was beating and throbbing violently. Dennis cruched for a moment or two, looking at the turkeys. Then he carefully raised his gun and thrust it out through a fork of the bush in front of him. He took a long, steady aim. Jack waited, hardly daring to breathe, every nerve tensely braced to meet the shock of the discharge He waited, but there was no report. Suddenly Dennis lowered the gun from his shoulder. Jack's nerves relaxed thrilling.

"'T is like they are too far away for a sure shot," said Dennis. "I've a mind to try and get nigher to them around that point of woods yonder."

Jack drew a deep breath almost like a sigh. Then he saw that Dennis was aiming the gun again. Something must have alarmed the birds, for the great cock raised his head and looked sharply this way and that. Then suddenly, when Jack was not expecting it, there came the stunning, deafening report of the gun. A cloud of pungent smoke hid everything for a little while. Then it had dissolved. Could Jack believe his eyes? The great turkey-cock was flapping and struggling upon the ground.

He leaped up with a shout and ran out into the clearing. He heard Little Coffee shout behind him. He ran forward through the long, shaggy grass, jumping over the stumps. He had a vision of the rest of the turkeys scattering with shrill, piping cries towards the woods, half-flying, half-running, but the great turkey cock still lay flapping upon the ground. It was nearly still when he reached it; its half-closed eyes were still bright with the life that had just left them. There it lay upon the ground. Jack looked down at it in an ecstasy. The sun shone upon the burnished, metallic luster of its neck-feathers—purple, blue, green. Its great horny foot made a futile, scratching struggle, and then it was still.—Howard Ryle, in St. Nicholas.

WHY FRANCE HATES ITALY.

The Triple Alliance Stands in the Way of a Much-Cherished Hope.

The true cause of French hatred for Italy is not far to seek. Smarting under the knowledge that the French armies had been defeated by the Germans, and that these defeats would probably be repeated were France to attack Germany, the French looked elsewhere for an opportunity of regaining their lost military prestige. It was evident to every Frenchman that if Italy stood alone she could easily be crushed by the overwhelming numbers of the French army. France could thus gain military glory, new territory and a ready-made fleet.

Here then is a glorious opportunity waiting for the armies of France, and nothing but that pestilent Triple Alliance stands in the way. This is the whole secret of the growth and violence of French hatred toward Italy. France wishes to wage a war in which victory would be reasonably certain. France wants the superb Italian fleet, the possession of which would give her an overwhelming naval preponderance in the Mediterranean. France wants to destroy Italian unity, so as to render any future triple alliance impossible; and to strengthen the attachment of French Catholics to the republic by restoring the temporal sovereignty of the pope. And nothing, so the French believe, hinders this desirable consummation except the fact that behind the army of Italy are ranged the armies of Austria and Germany.—W. L. Alden, in the Nineteenth Century.

A Division of Labor.

Husband—Will you remind me that I have to write a letter this evening?

Wife—Yes, dear. And will you remind me of something?

Husband—Of course. What is it?

Wife—Remind me that I have to remind you.—Truth.

—The good man quietly discharges his duty and shuns ostentation; the vain man considers every deed lost that is not publicly displayed. The one is intent upon realities; the other upon semblance.—Anon.

THE GREAT LARAN REBELLION.

BY [illegible]

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CHAPTER XI.—CONTINUED.

No one followed the slow development of public suspicion so carefully as Hendricks. He had the papers forwarded to him under various addresses by Fenning, but it was not till the expiration of the year and a half that he closed the Memphis office and called in Fenning and Miss Laport, between whom appears to have grown up a very strong attachment. Hendricks was too shrewd not to know that the Memphis branch was now the most dangerous outpost. Indeed Fenning had warned

"FOUR DEPUTY SHERIFFS AND A UNITED STATES MARSHAL IN POSSESSION."

him for some time that his position there was growing untenable, and that he expected every day that their wire would be quietly tapped.

This was the growing crisis of affairs when, one morning in June, there was a consultation in what Hendricks called his sub-library. It was a handsomely fitted up room on one side of the rotunda. It was furnished in elaborate style, and four men were sitting at a large center table which was heaped with maps and papers. One of the men was Hendricks himself; his eager face was more serious than usual, but he was self-assured and calm. One of the others was Dr. Pellissier. On one side of him sat Fenning, who was studying a railroad map. On the other sat Gen. Waterson, a young and fiery southener whom we have seen drilling the regiment. Pellissier was smoking a cigarette. Hendricks picked up a letter and read it:

"There will positively be a strike all along the line. It is only the preliminary movement of a socialistic revolution. The whole country is honeycombed with discontent. All that the suffering people need is a leader; somebody with the brains, the courage and the character to marshal all the elements into a popular movement."

Hendricks laid the letter down.

"Gentlemen," he said, "by next winter I shall be master of the states or their victim. There is just two hundred thousand dollars in the treasury. I must have a million before next month."

"Can you get it?" asked Fenning.

"Yes, if you carry out my plan. We shall have to spend one hundred thousand to accomplish our purpose and in six weeks from that time we shall be shut up here by a siege. It is not till then that we can thoroughly test our strength and secure all the money that we need. Are you prepared for war?"

"It is rather late to ask that question," said Pellissier. "We are in for conquest—equalization of wealth and social justice."

"On the 23d there will be two millions paid over to the First national bank of St. Mary's, it being the purchase of the St. Mary's plant of iron works by an English syndicate. We must have that money. Will your men be ready, general?"

"They are ready now," said the general. "We could carry out the programme to-morrow. I believe every man is anxious to try the novel experiment and win his thousand dollars."

"The moment the feat is accomplished I will acknowledge that I took the money from the monopolists and gave it to the people. Then we are into the fight, but we will have a sufficiently large proportion of the populace with us. Everything depends on the reliability and celerity of your men."

"As to reliability and celerity," said the general, "I'll tell you what I can do. I can take my regiment to New York, march it down Broadway, take the money out of the Park bank and get away before the local forces can stop me. A regiment that vanishes into thin air is a novelty."

"Unquestionably. But what are we to think of an eighty-pound gun that vanishes when it has done its work?"

"That will be a miracle, indeed," said the general. "In the first place, it is incomprehensible."

"Not at all. Our friend Laport has been explaining to me a gun of his invention which will do it, and he says he has tested the principle."

"Is that what those nickel steel plates were for?" asked Fenning.

"Yes. Laport is at work on a six-inch gun now."

All three of Hendricks' companions expressed a strong curiosity to hear what the principle of the gun was.

"It's simplicity will astonish you," said Hendricks. "It gives us a gun of any conceivable caliber and two men can transport it anywhere. It is constructed on this principle—"

At that moment a little bell tinkled on the index board on the side of the room and the men all looked up at it. It was an electrical warning from above. Hendricks got up and went to the telephone close at hand and listened. Presently he began to repeat a communication:

"Four deputy sheriffs and a United States marshal in possession of the house; forced an entrance through the gate armed with a warrant for the arrest of Hendricks and Fenning."

Pellissier lit a fresh cigarette.

"Where is Miss Laport?" Hendricks asked in the phone.

"Somewhere on the grounds."

"Where is Miss Endicott?"

"In her room."

"Keep your eye on *her* and let me know if they attempt to take you. Wait a moment."

Hendricks turned to the men at the table. "I wish Miss Endicott were below," he said.

Pellissier got up and stretched himself, saying: "You are right."

It was an hour later when fresh word came from the doctor, who had gone above.

"These fellows are going to be troublesome," he said; "for they have come to stay. The chief is Marshal Calicot, and I believe he knows more than he will betray."

"Is he impertinent?" asked Hendricks.

"No," was the answer. "He's as smooth and specious as a diplomat. Two of the others are coarse deputies, but the third I can't make out. He is a good-looking young fellow with a military air and he and Calicot evidently understand each other."

Hendricks' instructions were to this effect: "They will tire themselves out in time. Be cautious, and get Miss Endicott down here at the first opportunity."

Fenning was piqued. "I suppose we shall have to be deprived of the lady's society till these interlopers go away."

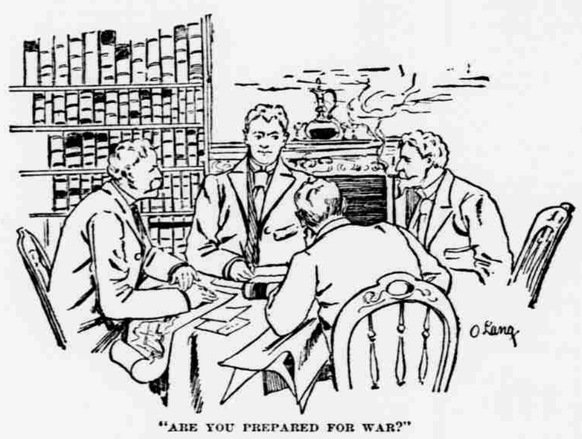
"It looks like it," replied Hendricks, "but we've got a good deal to do."

The situation was now a very peculiar one. Four officers of the law were quietly waiting within fifty feet of the conspirators, but in entire ignorance of their whereabouts. It was Hendricks' policy not to precipitate matters. He wished above all else not to bring on a conflict with the authorities until his plans were all matured. He felt perfectly safe from force in his retreat, and he felt reasonably certain that, if the doctor and Mrs. Hendricks were discreet, the means of communication would not be discovered. He therefore decided to let things take their course above ground and look after the important matters below, feeling pretty sure that the officers would in time grow tired of waiting aimlessly in the vicinity.

And matters below were indeed of vital importance to the success of Hendricks' schemes. Six hundred men had left the place through the Bayou house during the week and four hundred more were to be sent out. This distribution was comparatively easy so long as he had the use of a boat at the bayou and could distribute the men along the Mississippi. But even with this advantage, there was a great deal of detail work. It was resolved to keep a nucleus of a hundred men in the place—the rest were repeatedly instructed as to their future duties, as they left and scattered over the country. They took nothing away but the clothes they brought with them. The greatest care was exercised in distributing them. Over a hundred and fifty went separately afoot to Memphis and gave out that they had been working on the levee at the bayou. Nearly a hundred went across country eastward into the mountains. It was urgently necessary to get the remaining men out before the officers discovered the southwestern exit.

It took three days to accomplish this and it soon became apparent that Fenning was more restive than Hendricks.

The communications were kept up with the sanitarium mainly at night. On the second night, Hendricks asked



"ARE YOU PREPARED FOR WAR?"

what the situation was and the doctor replied:

"Calicot is a guest. He has taken rooms in the north end for himself and the young man whose name is Stocking. He has seen the mails delivered, but they were fortunately in the regular bag. He is walking now on the lawn with Mrs. Hendricks and I take the opportunity to send down the letters and the most important papers. It is well to keep some of them here to make a show."

"Ask him where Miss Laport is," said Fenning.

"She's on the balcony."

"Is she alone?"

"No. Stocking is there."

"What is she doing?"

"She is in a rocker. Stocking is reading something to her."

"Try and get her to the signal-room. Fenning is very anxious to speak to her. Where is Miss Endicott?"

"She is in her room. I can't get her out."

"Has the marshal seen her?"

"Yes. He has been curious about her. I can't get her down without making a scene."

"Can't you get the men away so that Mrs. Hendricks can communicate with me?"

"I thought she did last night. I suggested it to her."

"She did not. Tell her I want to hear from her."

"Are your men all off?"

"Yes."

Late that night Mrs. Hendricks came to the signal room and the following conversation took place.

"What are you doing with the officers?"

"Keeping them in good humor."

"What have you learned?"

"Not much. The principal is a very adroit man. By some of his attempts to draw me out unawares I fancy he has some evidence about the Corinthian affair."

"Ask her," said Fenning, "if Miss Laport is trying to find out how much the other one knows."

Hendricks did not ask that question. What he said was:

"Does Miss Laport understand her father's danger?"

"Calicot asked me yesterday," was the answer, "when she was going away. She had told Stocking she was going away in a week or two."

"Send her down here to-night. Her father wishes to see her. Do these officers suspect the Bayou house?"

"I don't think they know of it. Their impression appears to be that you are away and will come back unsuspectingly and fall into their arms on the front lawn."

Another day passed. Miss Laport had not been heard from and it was not till late the next night that the doctor called up Hendricks.

"I don't like the situation here," he said. "The ladies, if you will permit me to say it, do not appear to be in a hurry to get rid of our guests. I feel as if I were in the way. Calicot is communicating in some way with the authorities, I am sure."

Hendricks stopped him. "Come down," he said, "immediately. I can't talk to you through this thing."

"It is not safe to leave this part of the establishment to the women. You want a man here. I heard Calicot walking through the upper hall last night when everybody was asleep but myself. I don't know what he was doing. I asked him this morning what disturbed him, and he said the room was so close it was like sleeping in a cave. This may have been an accidental speech, but I thought he said it with a peculiar significance.

"'Have you ever slept in a cave?' I asked.

"'No,' he replied, looking me in the eye. 'Have you?'

"Do you know I begin to suspect that this man is not an officer. Wait, I hear footsteps overhead."

Hendricks waited some time and no fresh signal coming, he went to bed. It was half-past twelve. He slept soundly until four o'clock, when he got up, washed himself and went into Fenning's apartment to wake him and was surprised to see him sitting up in a rocker smoking a pipe, in his shirt-sleeves.

"Hallo," he said, "couldn't you sleep?"

"No," replied Fenning. "If I don't get some sunshine, I shall have permanent insomnia."

"Give me one of your cigars. I have ordered Sam to have breakfast at five. We'll get some coffee and go down to the Bayou house and take a dash out doors. It will do you good and I want to talk to you."

When he had lit his cigar he sat down and said:

"Fenning, you're the coolest man I've got. Let me have your bottom thought."

"I'm afraid of Mrs. Hendricks," said Fenning, "and the idea of being sealed up here makes me restive."

"Thanks for your frankness," replied Hendricks. "Dismiss the idea of treachery. As to the sealing up, it is impossible. Come and get some strong coffee into you and then we'll try to get some sunshine. I don't intend you shall be sealed up."

Half an hour later a car was ready and they got aboard to go to the western entrance. The ride was a peculiarly ghostly one at this hour. Here and there an incandescent burner lit up the immediate spaces and left great gulfs black and foreboding. No one was astir and it was a half hour's ride through gigantic shadows and successive strata of odors that betokened the the stores and the stables. When they arrived at the bayou shaft, the sleepy sentinel was just being relieved. They went to the signal room and Hendricks inquired if his telegram had been received.

"Aye, aye, sir," came a cheery voice, as if from another world.

"Are the horses ready?"

"Aye, aye, sir."

The moment they stepped from the lift, they smelt the oxygen and saw the sunlight, and Fenning, with sudden effusiveness, cried out: "Thank God."

He then noticed that Hendricks had his powerful field glass over his shoulder.

"A dash of action with danger in it will revive your spirits," Hendricks said. "We'll make a reconnoissance. I'm going to take the captain with us. He's been here over night."

A few minutes later they found four horses, the best the establishment furnished, in waiting, and the captain

"FENNING, YOU ARE THE COOLEST MAN I'VE GOT."

turned up, blinking and growling, but sober. The fourth man of the party was a Tennessecan, whom Hendricks called Ben—a long, lank, determined mountaineer, with a hatchet face and tangled sand-colored hair. He had a carbine slung across his shoulder, and he was holding an extra horse with a side-saddle and a basket strapped upon it.

Hendricks looked at Fenning, and seeing his surprise, said: "I don't explain because I don't know myself. We'll be governed by circumstances. I'll tell you more as we go along. Come."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Difficult.

Some years ago the authorities of a certain town in Iowa took praiseworthy steps to bring about the destruction of the gophers that infested that part of the country. It was publicly announced that the munificent sum of twelve and a half cents would be paid for each one "kilt," provided that "the tails of the same were decapitated and presented for redemption."—Youth's Companion

FIRST FIRE ON THE HEARTH.

Sacredness in the Blaze That Is the Seal and Sign of Home.

What a joy we all find it! How we like to collect the sticks for that fire, if we are where sticks are to be collected; how we like to oversee its building; how all of us have advice to offer and instruction to give; how we must all lay on our especial contribution; how favored is the one who may touch off the flame at last! If we are by the sea we have gathered driftwood for it this many a day and have dried it in the hot noon suns for this very evening's blaze, when it shall fill the room with flames of emerald and ruby, sapphire and Spanish topaz, and we shall hear in its singing over dropping coal and ash, in its roaring up the chimney, the sound of storm and rushing wave in the midst of safety, and point our pleasure with the tragedy of the last sigh and smothered cry of drowning sailors. And we sit and tell tales of horror and shipwreck and ghostly visitant till the flame falls and leaves us chill as the ghosts that have trailed their garments by. And if it is in the countryside we sojourn, then what equal wonders we see in the dear blaze, as it sends out its warmth and cheer on the cool morning air, or on the evening gloom when the heavy dews warn us all in-doors! For there are burning all the spices and fragrances and sunshine and colors condensed from the hot months.

We look at its lusters much as those old voyagers might have looked at the splendid conflagration when the ships were burning behind them; we well might wonder at ourselves that we can look at it so lightly, for here are our oars and sails and paddles burning, our alpenstocks and buckboards, our long evening strolls, our days in the heart of the wood, our double-handed abundance of flowers. But we know it is only because we know we are going forward to new pleasures that we can feed and face the flames so gladly. And if we have gone back to the city, and it is there that we have put the blaze together on the little hearth in the back parlor, or on the big one in the big hall, then it is like kindling a fire upon an altar, it is the recognition of home; on the shrine of domestic life we offer to our lares and penates a sacrifice of all the joys of summer—perhaps with a half-conscious prayer that the hearth may not be bare in any other home in all the cold months to come. And as we watch the flames shine and soar and flash up the chimney and disappear among the eternal stars, we know it is all a mirror of the transformations of life and death, and so find a new sacredness in the blaze that is the seal and sign of home.—Harper's Bazar.

ALL RIGHT AFTER ALL.

Man of Moderate Means Manages With His Old Underclothing.

"When I got my summer underclothing out of the camphor chest last spring," said a man of moderate means, "and looked it over with a view to wearing it in the summer then approaching, I found that it wouldn't do; that is, it wouldn't have done under ordinary circumstances, but when I came to take the financial cyclone into account I thought that possibly I might make it do for just one more summer with a little patching; so I started in with it.

"Well, as the summer waned the patches grew until—but I anticipate.

"Day before yesterday I unshackled the cedar chest and got out my winter underclothing. Humph! Well, plainly that's what I should have worn last summer.

"I said to myself that it certainly wouldn't do for next winter, but here my old and esteemed friend, Mr. F. Cyclone, looks in and says: 'What?' and I know it's still his say; but observe: I turn now to my summer wear, and find that it has come gradually to betwice its original thickness, and is now entirely suitable to the winter season.

"I don't need any new winter wear. I am already supplied. So I look at my old and esteemed friend and say to him: 'Cyc, old boy, you're not in it any more, and you might just as well go and pack your dress-suit case.'"—N. Y. Sun.

DON'T DYE YOUR HAIR.

How It Should Be Treated When Turning Gray.

Concerning gray hair, there seems to be no rational theory for change in the color of the hair, except that of loss of pigment, color and presence of gaseous matter in the hair shaft. This may be the result of natural or artificial causes. Probably among Americans the early stage at which the hair blanches is due largely to nervous conditions. Mental and physical disturbances undoubtedly often affect the secreting apparatus of the hair, destroying coloring matter, for history records instances of the change of hair from dark to white in a single night through the cerebral excitement of some great loss, bodily or mental anguish; neither can coloring matter once entirely destroyed be restored.

Do not believe the quacks who pretend to restore gray hair to the youthful color in any other way than by dyeing, for science has not yet discovered a method by which pigment, once entirely exhausted, can be renewed. Dark hair may be bleached, but no sane person could be deceived by the dull, lusterless yellow of hair so treated, neither does dye deceive anyone, and a woman who would look charming with a head of white hair kept perfectly clean and fluffy with legitimate treatment, becomes disgusting when she resorts to such flagrantly artificial means for keeping the hair dark or blonde.

When one's hair turns gray attention should be directed towards keeping it scrupulously clean; toward keeping the complexion delicate and fine with color, the eyes bright and the expression animated, for a brilliant face, framed by snowy hair, has a peculiar charm, if the hair be abundant and becomingly arranged. — Detroit Free Press.

Motherly Solicitude.

Willie—Maw, we're going to have a little masquerade party over at Tom Stapleford's. How'd I better fix up so they won't know me?

His Mother—Wash your face, dear.—Chicago Tribune.

Accounted For.

Teacher—There are only two genders in French, masculine and femine. Who can tell me why the French have no neuter gender?

Tommy Traddles—It's cos they don't have no dudes in France.—N. Y. World.

CARE OF SHOES.

How to Repair Run-Down Heels and Remove Unpleasant Odors.

There is hardly a woman but laments over the rather perverse way in which her shoes lose their shape. It matters little whether they be cheap or expensive, soles will return, heels run down, vamp wrinkle and the toes turn up. This condition is the despair of neat and dainty women who wish their belongings to signify the fact.

For "run-down heels" dealers say no remedy exists but to have them built up. This is not only good, but necessary for the preservation of the shoe's correct shape. One should be as watchful of this as of a rip in a glove, and as quickly careful to remedy it.

When the least wearing shows on the bottom or side of the heel, take the boot immediately to the shop and have a new layer put on. It is a good plan never to allow the defect to reach a stage when two layers must be renewed. This watchfulness unquestionably is the stitch in time that saves nine.

The reason for this is apparent. When the heel runs down the weight comes on the ball of the foot, there is no steadiness, the shoe rocks and the sides of the soles go. The under curve of the instep is turned into an ungainly line, and the shoe is out of form.

Women who walk on one side of the foot quickly wear away the leather and sole where they meet; they should have their bootmaker put on an extra sixteenth of an inch depth in the sole on that side. This throws the weight equally on both sides of the shoe, and prevents the one part giving away before the other.

For wrinkling that disfigures the vamp, nothing serves the purpose so well as the use of "trees." These cost from two dollars and a half to five dollars a pair. Each shoe should be placed over one as soon as taken off. The shape is entirely preserved by this method. These trees are as expensive as a pair of shoes, but one pair lasts forever. They are one of the necessary luxuries for every neat woman.

Some bootmakers suggest that the reason of patent-leather vamps wrinkling so pronouncedly on women's shoes is because the leather is taken from the neck of the calf where the skin is thinner, while that of men is taken from the back and sides.

After the shoes are removed it is nice to dip a sponge in a weak solution of ammonia and pass it over the inside of the shoes, then when it dries, put them in the sun for awhile. This removes all the unpleasant odor that attaches to the inside of one's shoes.

Evening slippers should be stuffed with tissue-paper and rolled in it after being worn. The correct mode in winter shoes are russet calfskin tops on heavy leather bottoms, with a straight tip of patent leather. Five large flat buttons fasten it.

This is the only deviation from last season's styles.—Boston Globe.

KEEP A STIFF LOWER LIP.

It Is the Tell-Tale One, and the Upper Lip Can Take Care of Itself.

I can't understand, said a young lady of observation to a reporter, I can't understand for the life of me why young men, who see so much and know so much, persist in the phrase "Keep a stiff upper lip." You use it as a sort of picturesque synonym for firmness of purpose and demeanor, but it has no value as such. The upper lip is not the weak member of the two; it is the under lip that wants stiffening. The upper lip is practically expressionless. It usually lies flat on the teeth, it is nearly always covered with a mustache—I refer, of course, to the male upper lip—and in conversation, especially in correctly languid conversation, it does not move at all. Like the Chinese joss, it's a harmless creature and can be safely let alone.

It is the nether lip that has to be watched and controled. I can always tell when a man is going to propose to me by the way in which he wets his under lip and presses it against the upper for companionship and support—just the very things he is seeking for. And I can always tell if a man is lying by a peculiar fluctuation and pulsation in the same lower lip. He will look you right straight in the eye, grow fierce, and drop his voice into his boots through the weight of his emotion, but if there is that twitch about the lower lip I don't believe him—and I've never been wrong yet. If a man feels deeply—I mean feels sorrow, not affects it—it is in the tremulousness of the under lip that he shows it. The sensitive man's lower lip is seldom still, and there is sometimes about it a positive pulsation that takes in the whole curve of the chin. The pout begins in the lower lip, and is really confined to it, for the upper lip is only pushed out by pressure from below. You can't pout with your upper lip alone.

In fact, you can't assume or affect any expression with the upper lip alone. Just try it. Hold the lower lip firm with the finger and look in the glass there. The mouth has become simply a hole in the face, you see, and so far as the expressionful character of the lips goes it is as if you had lost a feature.

If you want to keep back a smile it's the lower lip that you want to look after. Weakness begins there, whether of character, health or age. It is not the weak upper lip that tells of downfall; it is the drooping, pendulous lower lip that shows it.

And let me tell you something, please, for the benefit of my sisters who have not had the advan—I mean the experience that I have. Tell them that whenever they see the lower lip of their male companions turn out and over thickly that it's a danger signal. It's the red flag of mischief, and they had better say good-by. Keep a stiff lower lip, young man.—N. Y. Sun.

Making the Best of It.

"Go into the room and bring that cake on the table," said a Dallas mother to her son.

"It's too dark; I'm afraid to go into the room."

"Go right into that room this instant or I'll go in and bring out the strap."

"If-you-bring-out-the-strap," replied the boy, sobbing, "bring-the-cake-along, too."—Alex Sweet, in Texas Siftings.

—The Rocky mountains were first called Montagues de Pierres Brilliantes, "Mountains of Sparkling Stones;" then came Montagnes Rocheuses, and finally the designation now in common use. The Indians called them "The Crest of the World."

—The Mississquoi, in Vermont, took its name from the abundance of waterfowl. The word means "many ducks."

PITH AND POINT.

—Style is only the frame to hold our thoughts. It is like the sash of a window—if heavy it will obscure the light.—Emerson.

—"You say you pity me, but can not love me?" "Yes." "But pity is akin to love, is it not?" "Yes—but only a poor relation."

—We know the arduous strife, the eternal laws, to which the triumph of all good is given—high sacrifice and labor without pause.—Wordsworth.

—"I knew your picture just as soon as I entered the room." Artist—'So kind of you to tell me, but how could you be sure?' "Not one of the visitors more than glanced at it."—Inter-Ocean.

—Customer—"I wish you wouldn't always tell such frightful stories! It makes one's hair stand on end." Barber—"Exactly! That's the idea, for then I can cut your hair better."—Fliegende Blaetter.

—Friend—"You still employ Dr. Hardhead, I see." Mrs. De Style—"He's just too lovely. My husband and I both like him. When we are ailing he always recommends old port for my husband and Newport for me."—New Haven Palladium.

—It is much easier to run a newspaper than a government. That is why journalism is so much better than governments and editors are so much happier than kings, emperors, presidents, governors, mayors and constables.—Brooklyn Eagle.

—Aunt Maria—"I really think she would make you a good wife, John. I admit she is something of a scold, but then she is such a good housekeeper! so neat, you know." Harry—"But then one would soon tire of neat's tongue."—Boston Transcript.

—Managing Editor—"What kind of a Sunday paper are we going to get out this week?" Night Editor—"Pretty crumby, I'm afraid." Managing Editor—"Well, knock a hole in the reporters' stuff, and set 'em to writing personal ads."—Puck.

—"What do you think of my daughter's execution, professor?" asked the fond mamma as her fair daughter pounded away at the piano-keys. "Think, madam?" was the reply. "Why, that I should like to be present at it."—Half-Holiday.

—"What makes you think Jack Youngley is going to propose to you?" "Why, we were dancing the other night and I complimented him upon the easy way in which he held me. 'Oh, yes,' he said; 'it's always easy for me to hold my own.'"—Brooklyn Life.

—More Deaths Needed.—"His flatteries of ourself and the royal family disgust me!" exclaimed the oriental despot. "Off with his head!" "We find," was the verdict of the coroner's jury, "that the deceased came to his death in consequence of an overdose of laudin' 'em."

HER FATHER A LITERARY MAN.

Not That He Had Written Anything, but It Would Look Well in an Obituary.

"I am exceedingly sorry to disturb you at such a time and upon such an errand," remarked the reporter, as the front door was opened in response to his ring, "but I have been sent to see if you would not kindly furnigh me with some facts regarding Mr. Blank. We wish them for an obituary."

"Certainly," responded the woman. Then she turned and called out loudly: "Mamie, Mamie, here's a reporter. Come down and tell him what an honest man your father was."

There seemed to be nothing of unusual interest in Mr. Blank's history until the reporter inquired the nature of Mr. Blank's business.

"He was a literary man," replied the woman.

"Indeed. What did he write?"

"Well, I really—I really don't think he ever wrote any books."

"Newspaper man?"

"No," remarked the woman, "but his father was. My grandfather was editor of the Sussex Bugle Note. You probably know the paper?"

"May I ask what your father did as a literary man? Did he edit or revise any publications? Was he connected with any trade paper—alman—I beg your pardon—directory or guide?"

"No," said the woman, earnestly.

By this time the reporter was not a little perplexd. "Really," he said, after a pause, "I should like to make my report complete. Can you not be more specific regarding your father's literary work?"

"Well, the truth is," responded the woman, "he was engaged by Galley & Form, publishers of the 'Compendium of Universal Knowledge.' He was their sole agent in Connecticut and sold ten thousand sets last summer on commission. Of course, you needn't say anything about that. Just put him down as a literary man—it will be perfectly satisfactory to the family."—N. Y. Herald.

Market Girls of Paris.

Some lovely types of animal beauty may be found among the dairy, fruit and salad booths of the great Central market of Paris. Here is where artists, sculpturers, glass painters and illustrators go for national types and native beauty. The young women are always bare-headed and brown as nuts, but they have a coquetry of their own that is often irresistible. Nothing but satin could compare with the gloss they get on their hair. Like Carmen, they have an eye for colors. They wear the roughest of dresses, but under the average is a custom-made corset. And such figures! Most of the collars are turned in, and the V-shaped corsage, finished with a poise or knot of green, must be seen to be appreciated. Every motion is grace, every article—even the tinfoil lozenge of cheese, the twin artichokes of red buttons in their heads, the peach in a green leaf a la Venus in her shell—is artistic.—N. Y. World.

A Good Idea.

"Yesterday," said Ixe, the painter, "I discovered a very simple method of avoiding payment of tips at the restaurant. When the bill is presented I pay the exact amount and nothing more. The waiter looks daggers. Then I get up and say:

"'My compliments; your establishment is very well managed; I have made a capital dinner.'

"Pretend to take him for the landlord, d'ye see?"—Le Petit Parisien.

Not a Fool.

Park Guard—Sorry to disturb yez, but it's too late to be sittin' here.

Young Man (apologetically)—We didn't know it was so late. Fact is, we are to be married next year.

Park Guard—Begorry, d'yez think O'im fool enough to be supposin' you wor married lasht year?—N. Y. Weekly.